The Calumet BOILERMAKER

"THE VOICE OF THE STUDENTS - - BY THE STUDENTS"

Vol. 11 — No. 4 PURDUE UNIVERSITY CALUMET CENTER, HAMMOND, INDIANA Monday, April 27, 1964

We Have Returned!

For Once, a Positive Vote... Ed.

During the summer of 1962 we had the pleasure of having in our house at Quito, Ecuador, S. A., two exchange students from the United States. They were Joanna Zbasnik, a girl from Pittsburgh, Pa., who now attends Ohio University, and Tom Phares (Tomas as I call him) from Hammond, Ind. He goes to Indiana University.

It was very nice to have them as part of our family and except for the problems of the language we got along just fine. As I grew to know them better I felt that my acquaintance with them would help prepare me for my visit to the United States, which was coming in a short time.

When I came to the United States my first big impression was of the enormity of the cities. Every place I looked I saw buildings and progress. It was really amazing. We were flying over Miami for about 15 minutes and still there was city. The airport in Miami was something fabulous. I almost got lost because it was so big.

Next day I arrived in Buffalo. There was waiting for me a person from the International Fellowship Association, and ten minutes later I was meeting my two-month American Father. He was Col. Edward Elbert. From Buffalo we went to Syracuse, N. Y., where the Elbert family lives.

That night we went to a party, and to add to the confusion I had, a young person spoke to me of American football for about one hour and a half. OH BROTHER, I still don't know what he said.

I have gone to some parties in America, but I still can not accustom myself to them. The girls sit and listen to music, and the guys talk and talk, about cars, especially.

In Ecuador we like to dance. We do the cha-cha-cha, mambo, merengue, rock and roll, twist and some blues for the ones who are in love. Everybody dances and has fun.

I went to a high school in Syracuse, The Christian Brothers Academy, which is a very modern school. The educational differences between the two countries are very great. In Ecuador the education is composed of three phases—the grade school, the high school—6 years of each—and the university. Each student belongs to a grade—first, second, or third, etc.—and takes the same subjects as the other students of his grade. If the student fails in one of his subjects he fails in everything and consequently he will have to repeat the year in all his subjects. We do not have the system of credit hours which exists here and which I consider superior to ours. Education here in the United States is really very good. I do not mean education in Ecuador is not good; but here the students have more access to laboratories, get more use of and practice in them, and enjoy big libraries, and the teacher is more than a teacher; he is a friend of the student, with whom the student sometimes laughs and talks with confidence.

The schools here are very big. In Ecuador they are smaller. We have some big ones too, but the great majority have only a few hundred students.

Private grade and high schools in particular are very expensive. Government elementary and secondary schools do not cost a penny. In terms of cost, the university in Ecuador is the contrary of the American university; one year in the Ecuadorean University costs no more than 10 to 20 dollars. In Quito, the capital of Ecuador, there are three universities—Central, Politecnica, and Catolica. Central University is the biggest one. I really do not know how many thousands of students it has, but it is very big and modern.

Another difference is that the schools are just for men or just for women. There are some schools where both go but they are few. The year is composed of nine months, divided into three trimesters.

Classes begin at 7:30 in the morning and end at 12 o'clock so the students can go home for their lunch. In the afternoon classes begin at 2:30 and end at 5 o'clock. Those two hours and a half are required because in South America the lunch is the biggest meal of the day. Some schools, such as mine, do not have this system, but allow time for lunch in the school dining room. Something I must not forget is that after every class, there are 15 minutes of rest.

As for sports, basketball and soccer are the favorite ones. Each year the competition between the schools is very interesting and sometimes is adorned by occasional fights.

This is more or less a sketch of education in Ecuador. Of course, not every school strictly follows this sketch, but the system described here is more or less the common one.

C. Romero

Dr. Anguizola, a Fullbright Scholar:

Dr. Gustave Anguizola, one of the youngest and most brilliant members of our faculty banged down one of the most coveted prizes for an intellectual career, a State Department grant under the Fullbright-Hays Act, Public Law 87-256, of the Cultural Exchange Program, 1961. Dr. Anguizola went through the required examinations in the fall of 1963 and was notified of his final selection only a few days ago. Originally it was proposed to him to accept a year round grant, however due to the expected increase in enrollment, Dr. Anguizola decided he would remain on the staff of Purdue during the academic year and the possibility that his grant shall be fulfilled in two consecutive summers is not remote.

DR. ANGUIZOLA

This has been a very active year for the busy professor, in addition to his advisory and academic chores, Dr. Anguizola an erudite speaker and original thinker has been a most sought after lecturer, by service clubs, high schools and academic institutions. Most recently he completed two speaking tours in the Eastern part of the nation.

On February 15th Dr. Anguizola submitted to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee a suggested brochure of his views and recommendations on the ticklish Panama situation, a document which may very well bring about the desired results.

In the past Dr. Anguizola has been the recipient of several other awards result of open contest; he is the sponsor of the International Relations Club and Faculty Chairman for the area charged with preparing the Assembly of the International Relations Clubs, which will take place at the Lafayette campus Oct. 16-17, 1964. For his award Dr. Anguizola will be in residence at Athens and Constantinople and later in Paris and Rome. Congratulations Doc!

VOTE MAY 5th

The Calumet BOILERMAKER

ASSOCIATED COLLEGIATE PRESS ACP MEMBER

Published by the Students of Purdue University—Calumet Campus
2233—171st Street, Hammond, Indiana—Phone TIlden 4-0520

Volume 11 MONDAY, APRIL 27, 1964 Number 4

Editor-in-Chief ..... George Thompson
Associate Editor ..... Dirk Dahlman
News Editors ..... Jim Reader, Tom Thaldorf
Feature Editor ..... Tim Rutz
Photo Editor ..... Tony Tokarz
Poetry Editor ..... Gary E. McDaniels
Writers ..... Frank Helms, Mike Waters, Harold Dausman, Bruce Jones
Advisors ..... Charles B. Tinkham, Sigrid Stark, Dr. J. Tuckey, Henry Hosek

Editorial

"Why isn't there a collegiate atmosphere at the Center? Why don't we feel that we are members of Purdue University? These and many more questions were asked of the members at the Student-Faculty meeting last October 23.

"The reply was that the students at the Center do not feel as though they are members of Purdue University. Instead they feel that the Center is more like a jumping-off place of a Junior College than a regular University."

This editorial is dated Nov. 21, 1957. We still have the same problem here. Nobody really gives a damn about the Center. Yet there is some interest. For instance the other publications that have sprung up. They send us their sympathy, but no help. They would rather print up their things on the sly than put it in the Boilermaker. If you people are out to kill the paper, then you're doing a great job.

If you don't like the Boilermaker, tell me! This is your paper. "The Voice of the Students, By the Students." That's what it is. Next time you've got something to say, put it in the Boilermaker.

The Administration has no beef against these publications, other than the fact that they are not sanctioned. The I.R.E. simply has to get a sponsor to be printed without fear of reprisal. Simpler yet would be to put it in the Boilermaker! It will be printed, unless of course these self styled martyrs and crusaders of student rights are not students here. If they are students, and they want to throw rocks at someone, they can do it here. I promise, I won't tell your little secret (when speaking to third graders, one must use their language to gain their confidence).

Anyone else who has a bone to pick with Purdue is also invited to do it here. The only censorship we have is against obscenity, which won't get you anywhere anyway.

The Editor

Battle Royal

The campus of our glorious school has been the scene of a great battle —a battle royal, if you like. The stage was set when the BOILERMAKER quit publication and the Circle K started its student bulletin.

Then it happened! A paper of unknown origin appeared. This paper was called the IRE.

The IRE slams, cuts, and chops at people and events on and off campus, using wry, broad, and telling humor, such as the target might seem, to the embryonic editor, to call for.

Yet nobody knew the editor of this paper. Accusations were thrown around, but still no one knew who wrote the IRE. The people of PUCC were very interested, to say the least, to discover the authors of this 'scandal sheet.' The students were interested so they could congratulate, the faculty and the administration so they could crucify.

Again out of the air came the warnings of yet another secret paper—the HAMMER OF THOR.

Now the scene was set. Three contenders for the attention of the students, and all with different intentions. The bulletin served as a reminder to the students of the activities of the school, the IRE was a general cut-down sheet of all the people and activities of the school, and the HAMMER OF THOR, a combination of sorts, of the BOILERMAKER and the student bulletin.

Minor investigation has indicated the general opinion of the students of the three papers is: PUCC STUDENT BULLETIN—it's nice; IRE —like to see more of this, by the way, who the hell is writing this IRE anyway? and the HAMMER OF THOR—use it for scrap paper or to wrap coffee grounds in it.

With the return of the BOILERMAKER, it will be interesting to see which of the publications wins out.

ALL RIGHT YOU GUYS, who's got my peanut butter sandwich?

JAZZ

JAY FISHER TRIO

AT

Diamond Jim's

Dunkenburger Drive-In

7430 KENNEDY TIlden 5-3275

CALUMET NATIONAL BANK

OF HAMMOND

5231 HOHMAN WEstmore 2-6900

Hill's Hammond Times

OFFICE — DRAFTING

ART SUPPLIES

6804 Kennedy

SPORTS-VIEW

We Need A Sports Editor!

HELP!

BOB VUXINIC

MERCANTILE NATIONAL BANK
OF HAMMOND

HAMMOND, INDIANA
5243 Hohman Avenue
HAMMOND'S PROGRESSIVE BANK

Calumet Avenue Office
7227 Calumet Avenue

Woodmar Office
7250 Indianapolis Boulevard

Member Federal Reserve System
—MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION—

Ode to the Earthworm

Oh, lowly earthworm, lumbricus
Tell me, do, I pray,
What fiend dipped you in alcohol,
And placed you in my tray?

Though you lie there uncomplaining,
It's no fun for you, I can tell,
(And by the way, dear earthworm,
Did your friends ever tell you, you smell?)

Oh, I slice you from top to bottom,
Or is it from bottom to top?
Oh, well it doesn't matter
So long, as I see your crop.

And there I see your gizzard,
And this must be your mind.
How very clever of you
To place everything in a line.

I really do feel badly
For cutting you into parts,
Cause, I know you must be sensitive.
Just look you have five hearts.

He waved good-bye so cheerfully,
As he gave his final all,
And slid from my dissecting tray
Into the disposal.

* * *

If the earth were only a garden
And men were the worms of the day
Would you like your Fate to lead you
To an open dissecting tray?

Now, if all the things I have told you
Have gone in one ear and out the other,
Just remember the next worm that you cut up
May be someone's father and mother.

G. E. M.

HARVEY SNARK SLEPT NEAR HERE

Cool It Man!

April 4th, 1964, was the date and the place was P.U.C.C.'s new student lounge which was decorated in early American athlete's foot.

About 8:00, the door burst open and in walked several people dressed in black. At first it was thought they had come from the undertakers convention at Mr. Hubbard's house; but it was soon realized that these were students who had broken the long tradition at Purdue, and decided to attend one of the Dances.

As the evening progressed, more and more of these creatures appeared at the door and at one time there were 250 people in the lounge. About 9:00, the music stopped and folk singing began. It was provided by the Wayfarers and the Brothers Grimm. This became one of the highlights of the evening, when Bill Bracket and Cliff Martin came through with their repertoire of dirty songs.

As a special attraction Circle K and Pi Sigma Kappa had a contest for the best costume. Mr. and Mrs. Zacker and Mr. and Mrs. Korlin, the judges and chaperons, had a hard time making the decision. After the decision was made there was a minor fisticuffs battle for the Smothers Brothers album, and the cute little girl in black won. Next came the drawing for the door prize, and number 97 was the lucky number. A leotard clad young lady came running up with the winning ticket. When the prize was announced she almost fainted. She had won a solid gold door from a 1952 Chevy. She said that it was just what she wanted for her "scrap" book, but she decided that her father would kill her if she brought it home.

Several Circle K members decided to make a midnight raid to Calumet City and leave the door prize in the Student Council President's (Pattie Zywot) front yard. Pattie said, "You can't do that," but they did anyway!

Although the dance was not the financial success that was hoped for, it was considered the best dance thrown here at the Calumet Campus.

NOT HERE!

UNIVERSITY BARBER SHOP
2 BARBERS

Our Specialty Is Flat Tops and Crew Cuts
2207 169th STREET **HAMMOND, INDIANA**

Woodmar
Across from Purdue Calumet Center

HOW TO ENJOY FOLK MUSIC

The only way to enjoy folk music is to understand it. To understand it you must be acquainted with it. You might ask how I can do this. First you must realize that folk music is coming back at an increasing rate. Guitars, banjos, mandalins and all other instruments are being confiscated like they were as rare as Kennedy silver dollars. Books are being bought for the self-teaching of instrument playing. Some of these books include "Kingston Trio Folk Song Favorites," "How to Play the Five String Banjo," by Pete Seeger, "Folk Songs of North America," by Alan Lomax, and so many others that you couldn't possibly count them all. Manufacturers of guitars such as the "Gibson," "Gretsch," "Ode," "Vega," "Martin," "Kay," and "Harmony" companies are loaded down with orders so deep that one has to wait at least 60 days for delivery if he is lucky. Used guitars and banjos are unheard of.

Places to go to hear such music are: GITANO'S, 357 State, Chicago; THE HUNGRY EYE, 1343 North Wells, Chicago; OLD TOWN NORTH, 1935 North Sedgwick, Chicago; ST. JAMES CELLAR, 1722 North Park, Chicago; KELLY'S, 1028 North Rush, Chicago, and many more. If you really enjoy the arts, make it a point to know and understand folk music.

A. E. D.

Letter to the Editor

Witness, if you dare, Russ A. VanBlaircom (you can't miss him —he is fuzzier than the rest of them). Why does he wear Mitch Miller-type bristles? It certainly is not for the same reason that our olean-shaven boys decided to have a superfluous contest. These boys wear beards because of their ability to grow them; R. A. VanB. wears a beard because of his inability to shave it. Does he also rationalize his faded levis as individuality? I must remember that only the Almighty can judge, and that outward appearances are sometimes deceiving. Maybe Mr. VanBlaircom has an underlying reason for his whiskers. Maybe he bleaches it for Christmas. How do we know that he isn't our favorite hero in his off-season disguise? Nevertheless, let him rest—the insanity of the fuzzy chin contest is only temporary. R. A. VanB.'s insanity lasts all year 'round. Soon he alone will be the only fuzzy chin once again. Maybe the girls should organize a fuzzy knee contest. I wonder what kind editorials that would inspire!

Name withheld

There is no truth to the rumor that Dr. Wilson is keeping man-eating plants in the greenhouse. (He moved them already!)

Note to Publius, Fulvius, and Crassus: Where have thou taken thy ire? eh?

Purdue Welcomes Seniors

Recently P.U.C.C. sponsored tours and informative lectures to the seniors of the local high schools. This was to promote an interest in the Calumet Campus.

Most of the Indiana high schools nearby attended. The program began with a welcoming and introduction by Pat Zywot, Jim Palmer, and Bob Thomas. The seniors split up into discussion groups according to the school they planned to attend. They were then given a tour of the school in order to acquaint them with the new and modern facilities of Purdue.

The future Purdue freshmen were then taken to the lounge for refreshments.

We hope all students at this school are proud enough of the school to promote this same feeling of being welcome to any future college students (especially welcoming all females that may consider P.U.C.C.).

CLASSIFIED ADS

for sale: one human skeleton with a fencing foil in its hand. Contact the Biology Dept.

---

wanted: Gentleman to teach Biology Lab. Our previous instructor disappeared suddenly.

---

for sale: Unpaid traffic tickets from Purdue, Hamnd., Munster, Lansing, E. Chicago, and Chicago. Ken Pride.

---

wanted: One newspaper and staff, that needs aspiring genius reporter to make it complete. Previous experience. Mike Waters.

For sale: one copywrited phrase, "You Can't Do That!!!" Highest bidder takes it. Pat Zywot.

HARVEY

McDONALD'S
Carry-Out
7443 INDIANAPOLIS TIlden 4-2370

Mystic Moments
MAY 16th
See You There

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

FAT-BOY
Drive-In
TOM and MARTHA O'SULLIVAN
6730 INDIANAPOLIS TIlden 4-9786

Congratulations to the C. C. U. P. U. C. C.

At the beginning of the fall semester chaos reigned throughout the halls of Purdue University Calumet Campus, and the casualty rate was high. Then it happened! This gallant group charged in—as the federal marshals of the heroic old west did, when cleaning up a wide open lawless town—and where there was chaos they wrought law and order.

The casualties were the lounges and class rooms strewn with animal hides (commonly known as coats), and that gallant group none other than the Coat Checker's Union of Purdue University Calumet Campus (local 1).

Every day the members of this group, unarmed, venture fearlessly into the wilds of the check room to render their invaluable services to their fellow students.

Recently, at the honors day program, this gallant group finally came into its own. Each member for her (or his) long hours of toil was awarded a Purdue University service certificate; which, to be sure, each and every one of them will treasure for the rest of her (or his) natural life.

Well, how 'bout dat!?!

This!—Since you have obviously found out by now that carrying that little red tag from class to class is much easier than carrying a coat and a stack of books (besides you can color in the little white number with your ball point pen), some thanks must be in order. The award given at the honors day program, although given in good faith, just doesn't seem to be the best possible kind. Something more appropriate might be a simple "thank you" when receiving that little red tag or exchanging it for your coat. For those who might have forgotten the dictionary defines this word as a polite expression of gratitude.

Professor H. I. Que

Thought for the day:

A Freshman enters Purdue dressed in green, and a number of years later he graduates dressed in black. The intermediate process of decay is known as a college education.

The Prof

Signs of Spring

Spring is on its way, and as usual there are many signs to let you know the fact. One of these signs would be: parks, people's lawns, and streets strewn with newspapers which people, taking their spring walks, have read and discarded. In this, a group of students here has found their cause to fight for; that is, to keep the people well supplied with newspapers (to throw in parks, on people's lawns, in streets, etc.). Hence, witness the following:

START YOUR OWN NEWSPAPER

Yes, your work too can be publicly displayed (in parks, on people's lawns, in streets, etc.). There are several "must haves" to publish a newspaper:

1. blank paper
2. a blank mind (optional)
3. one of the following:
   a. a ditto machine
   b. a publishing co.
   c. a monastery with several hundred idle monks
   d. a group of freshmen

Then as editor, you sit and wait for inspiration in order to write your stroke of genuine intellect. Meanwhile your staff writes up the common dribble, or the news. If you can't seem to be inspired don't give up you can always reach for an old joke book.

There has been some opposition to some of the newer publications here, but don't let that bother you either. It is your natural right to print anything that you so desire. There is one suggestion that might be offered up to these struggling pioneers: You might try printing your paper in the Outer Mongolian language, thus it will only be read by the intellectuals to whom most of these papers are so obviously directed.

The Prof

Your Damn Butts..

The Boilermaker gladly reprints this statement from an outlaw publication.

"Another thing about this no smoking in the halls is: have you ever seen the professors walking through the halls with a coffin nail hanging out of their mouths? Or talking to each other under a NO SMOKING sign puffing away their lives? If the rules are going to be enforced in regards to the students but not to the faculty it is the duty of the students to see that drastic action is taken."

The Boilermaker would like to hear everyone's views on this subject, faculty included. Ed.

Push the Panic Button

If you should happen to encounter any of these situations, you should immediately **PANIC!!**

Your girl calls you from the hospital.

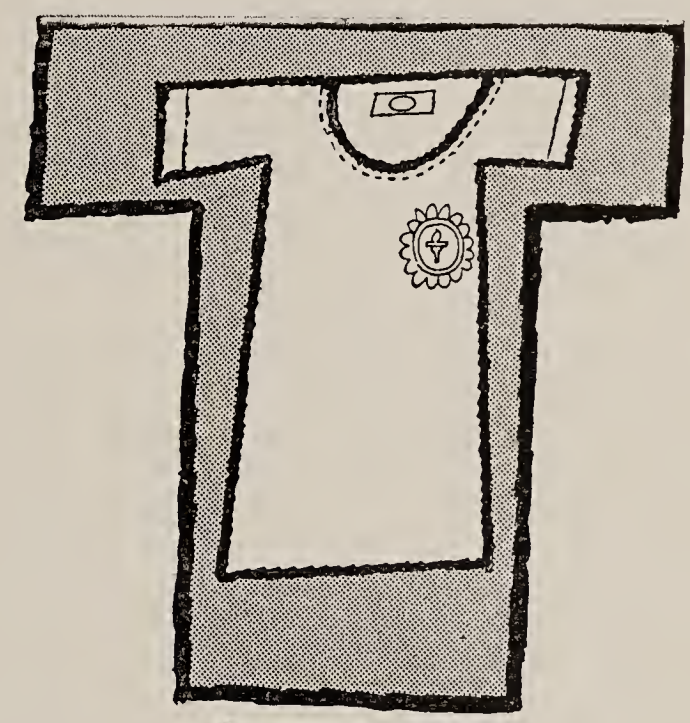
The first day of class, all your teachers read your name and say, "Oh ho, you again eh."

Your girl calls you from the license bureau.

You get a letter from Dr. Tackett in the middle of the semester.

You successfully identify the plant in Botany as plantus carnivorus humanus.

You get a letter saying that you can't have your grades until you pay the $300 you owe in parking tickets.



SHIRTS AND SWEAT SHIRTS

You'll like our large selection of knit goods. Everything is top quality for the best fit and long wear. See them today.

PURDUE CALUMET CENTER BOOKSTORE

A Division of:

FOLLETT'S Southworth

PURDUE BOOK-STORES, INC.

West Lafayette, Ind.

WHAT HAS RUTZ DONE NOW?

LICHTSINN VOLKSWAGEN

USED CAR DEPT. 844-5577

167th at Indianapolis Blvd. • Hammond, Indiana
Phone 844-2100

for your club or organization printing needs

.....

Home Publishing Co.
INC.

5809 CALUMET AVENUE — WEstmore 2-2410

PRINTERS of CALUMET BOILERMAKER

Banquet!

The student council of P.U.C.C. is holding its first Activities and Awards Banquet on Sunday, May 3, 1964, at 5:00 p.m. in the student lounge. This banquet is to honor all students who have been of service to the school during the past year. At 8:00 there will be a dance in the formal lounge, open to the student body. Admission by ticket only.

Jim Cyganowicz, Liz Oxford, and Sharon Spletzer are on the program committee.

PEPSI-COLA

THE *Light* REFRESHMENT

CONGRATULATIONS Mr. TINKHAM